

THE
Bloomfield Record.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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National Republican Nominations.
FOR PRESIDENT.BENJAMIN HARRISON.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

WHELAN REID.

The Fourth of July.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF GOOD OLD TIMES.

To the military spirit of Revolutionary days we are indebted for that "beauty spot" of Bloomfield—the Village Green, or Park as it is now most frequently designated. Upon the oldest map of the town it is marked as the "Parading Ground," and upon it, immediately after the war with Great Britain, the militiamen and veterans of those early days were wont to assemble for "general training." Such was the original purpose of the plot, embracing about four acres, that the early settlers of this section set apart for themselves and their ancestors. From all that can be gathered of early history the Fourth of July was made the supreme occasion for rekindling patriotic ardor on this historic ground. A time-honored custom, besides hoisting the flag and firing a salute at the southwest corner of the Green, was the giving of a dinner on that day, when the tables, loaded with roast turkeys and chickens, pies, puddings, etc., were set out under the trees, and the day celebrated in feasting, music and speech-making. This latter was always in the form of formal toasts in which Washington, the Continental Army, King George, and other subjects of eulogy or criticism were proposed and responded to by the eloquent orators of those days.

The only banquet or dinner of this kind within the recollection of those now living was probably that given in honor of the successful termination of the late War for the Union. This took place on the Common near the Old Church in June, 1865, as will doubtless be recalled by some of our older citizens.

Some years previous to that, in 1850 or '51, a large tent was pitched upon the same ground and used during the summer for the preaching services of the Old Church while it was being repaired and enlarged. Since those days this place has become diverted from patriotic purposes to other uses to a very great extent. From the period of the Civil War down to about eight or nine years ago it was a much-neglected spot.

The grass growing upon its ungraded surface was mowed off, where it was considered worth taking by anyone who wanted it, and in the winter there was usually a skating pond at the southern end. In the summer time it was a famous baseball ground, free to clubs of all kinds, and in this respect, by those residing on its borders at least, the public ground came to be a public nuisance. Its appearance at this epoch was anything but inviting—save to the hoodlum element. Tall posts once painted white had in the old-time been erected on all sides of the parallelogram to prevent the encroachment of vehicles. Those posts were now beginning to decay and fall over, and at length—happy thought—they were ordered removed, and at about the same time the playing of athletic games upon the public ground was prohibited by the Township Committee. It was found to be very difficult to enforce this ordinance, as the plot had come to be "everybody's ground." Not until the idea of grading a Park and laying out walks, according to a well-defined topographical plan, in order that we might have something both useful and ornamental in the esthetic sense—not until this idea took shape and was reduced to practice was it found possible to banish the boys with their bats to other fields on the outskirts of the town.

Upon the recurrence of July Fourth, 1892, the eagle from his lofty perch on the liberty pole looks down upon much quieter scenes than the spirit of Liberty was wont to evoke and witness in the times gone by. Patriotism and "liberty" of the exuberant, explosive, John Adams sort has come to be more honored in the breach than in the observance at this particular time-honored spot. Monday next three or four grizzled veterans will hoist the flag, and it will be saluted with one shot—one

only—from the "battery" that still believes in the "biggest kind of a noise, but is restrained by the local powers that be" from giving the Park side people their customary matutinal racket from "ye engines whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit."

The cannon may come, and it may go, but the true spirit of '76, love of liberty, hatred of oppression abides with us, as Americans, forever.

And it is well. We may be thankful that it is so, and that the Old Church at the head of the Green—Bloomfield's Cradle of Liberty—will open its doors next Monday for the oration: "Patriotism for Americans," which the Rev. Elbert Clement is to make, together with such other exercises as may serve to make us mindful of duties owing to country, to our fellow men and to our God.

Notes Here and There.

I heard a prominent citizen of Bloomfield say the other day, that "sentiment was played out." We would not do him the injustice of even thinking that he believed what he said, because we are quite sure that in his private life, in his church life and in his public life, sentiment inspires him continually.

It would be a sorry day for Bloomfield if there was no sentiment. It has been the lever that moves society and it inspires the individual. The preacher who appeals to sentiment is successful and so is the political orator. Sentiment divides the people into two parties, as much as anything else.

The person who has an opportunity of traversing our pretty township from centre to circumference cannot go in any direction without finding gangs of men making and mending the roads. It is a real pleasure to watch the work progressing. Under the business like methods of the present Town Committee all work is being pushed forward with the utmost dispatch. Early in the morning, in fact before many have got the sleep out of their eyes, the supervisor of public works is out scrutinizing the work being done and the superintendent of dirt roads is to be found with his gang of men busily employed.

Now comes the season when it is fashionable to be out of town, and so the front of the house is shut up tight and the family are to be found sitting in the parlors, at the back yard where it is cool, and quiet comfort can be found. July and August are months when sensible people step outside of forms and into garments of comfort if not of fashion, and enjoy the relaxation.

There are families in this town who have an ancestry that (we are going to say) dates back to the Flood. There is a great deal of antiquity in this town which entitles it to veneration, and when the First Presbyterian Church celebrates its centennial, if not before, we propose we will have an interesting chapter from early history.

A strange thing happened within a day or two to one of our recent comers into town. While we were perambulating about in a retired portion of our town, we saw a gentleman eyeing us, and did not know but that he mistook us for a highwayman. On approaching him, he said he would thank us if we could tell him where he lived, as he had moved into the town the day before, and the fact was he didn't know his way home. We asked him his name, and fortunately knew the house he had taken, so started him on his journey home.

The question of a hall will confront the political parties of this town as Library Hall, which they made use of four years ago, is now out of the question. Perhaps somebody will put up a wigwam.

Now that the Montclair Town Committee have put a quietus on the horsecar railroad, would it not be in order for some one to move that a Chinese wall be put around the town so that none of the dear workmen can get away, but it ought to have a ladder so that workmen from abroad can get into the Celestial city.

When school comes together after the summer vacation there will be one familiar figure missed and that will be Prof. Preston, the writing master, who has done so much to develop the handwriting of the pupils of the high school. Many a one who writes with a free hand and rapidly owe it to him. We heard one young man say that when he could afford it Prof. Preston would have something to show that he appreciated what had been done for him. There is nothing more important for a young man seeking a position in business than to write well, know how to spell correctly and be quick at figures. With these and a desire to please, success is pretty sure to attend his efforts. Such a one will be sure to rise.

QUINTUS.

From the Press, June 25th.

The Watsening Hat Factories

ALL THE OPERATIVES CONTENTED AND WILL VOTE FOR HARRISON.

The Evening Post recently reported that since the McKinley act has been in operation the business of the Bloomfield, N. J. hat factories has dwindled until none of them is running on full time. The report also stated that the employees of those factories were almost without exception Republicans and protectionists who four years ago voted for Mr. Harrison, but who are now anxiously waiting the nomination of Grover Cleveland so that they could vote for him and free trade.

The only hat factories in the neighborhood of Bloomfield are three located near the station of the pleasant little village of Watsening. They are those of Stephen Gilson, Elmer Brothers & Hall and Elmer & Law. A reporter for the Press visited those factories one day last week, and found them in anything but a state of stagnation.

Everything was in full blast at the place of Elmer Brothers & Hall, and the 100 hands who are employed there were busy turning out hats. The statement of the Post was shown to Mr. Elmer, who pronounced it false in every respect. He said that the McKinley law had never injured the hat trade of this vicinity in the least, but had, on the contrary, been of great help to them. Mr. Elmer admitted that trade was a little dull at this time, but this was not due at all to the McKinley act, but to the fact that this was the dull season of the year for hat makers.

The reporter was invited to talk with the operatives in the factory as to the assertion that many of the employees who voted for General Harrison four years ago were going to vote for Cleveland this fall. Not one could be found in the factory who would himself vote for Cleveland or know any one among those who voted for Harrison four years ago who would not vote for him again. On the contrary one man was found who said he voted for Cleveland four years ago, but was going to vote for Harrison and protection this time, and he knew several more who were going to do the same thing.

HE CAME FROM A FREE TRADE LAND. Among the workmen spoken to, was an Englishman who had been in this country but a short time. He was very enthusiastic over the McKinley act, and said that he would do all in his power to keep it in force. He said that under the protective tariff he could make great deal better wages here than he could in England. Belgium, he said, was the great competitor with this country and England in the making of soft hats, and the wages paid there were ridiculously small compared with those paid in this country.

Mr. Stephen Gilson, who employs twenty-five hands in his factory, laughed at the Evening Post story. He said that his business was good. Not only was he running at his full capacity, but he was often obliged to give work to outside parties. He had nothing but praise for the McKinley act, and said it had been of great benefit to him and his business. He did not know of any hatmaker who voted against the McKinley act.

Hats.

Readers of the Evening Post will probably escape the usual idiosyncrasy of "Grandfather's Hat" and all other allusions to the subject of hats for some time to come. The Post has received its quietus on hats. It recently reported

that under the McKinley act the business of the Bloomfield (N. J.) hat factories has dwindled until none of them is running on full time. Also that the employees of those factories were almost without exception Republicans and protectionists, four years ago, but were now anxiously in favor of Grover Cleveland and free trade.

A representative of the Press visited the three hat factories in Bloomfield last week, and both hat manufacturers and employees pronounced the Post's statements false, and declared that they were running full time and were for Harrison and protection. The detailed account of what they said and who said it appeared in the Press of yesterday morning, but it did not also appear in the Evening Post of yesterday afternoon. That journal made no attempt to undo the damage which its mendacious statements inflicted on the town of Bloomfield. Hats are a very sore subject just now in the office of the Evening Post.

THE SONG OF THE FARM.

The poppies that peep from the wheat at morn,
With pearls of the night dew glittering still,
The shadows that rise over the waving corn,
And the shy little rannet down under the hill,
The hoary old orchard whose trees are bent,
And the clover fields where the housewife
sprays,
Cry, "Come to the cradle of calm content:
Come see Mother Nature at home on a farm!"
"Here are billows of meadow whose waves are so sweet,
They perfume the air; here are mountains of hay;
Here are little winds lost upon oceans of wheat,
And butterdies shipwrecked in hollyhock spray;
Here is peace in the air and a smile in the sky,
And never a fear of deception or harm;
From the ears and the voices of active life fly
To old Mother Nature, who lives on a farm!"
And so the old song from the cherry tree tops
And arbors where Bacchus might rather
treat,
From old fashioned sparrows that live in a
covey,
And not in the dirt of an ill smelling street,
From the bees and the kine and the sentinel cry
Of the cock, whose affixation bodes no
alarm,
Rings out to the city folk ever and aye:
"Come back to Nature, Nature also lives on a
farm!"
—New York World.

Truth and Fiction.

Touchstone says that "the truest poetry is the most felicitous." Without going that length, we may affirm that the construction of correct versification gives a man so much to think of that he cannot attend very strictly to the truth of what he says. Blank verse of the ordinary sort does not come under this rule; it leaves the mind very free. And hymns—Dr. Watts ruthlessly sacrifices the sound to the sense; some lesser lights sacrifice the sound without benefiting the sense. But no one can read some of Pope carefully—those lines in which, in a word or two, he sums up the character or achievements of the possibilities of his day—without suspecting that an apt rhyme occasionally beguiles the poet into a more forcible expression of admiration or contempt than he would have given in prose.

The teller or writer of the story has the impulse upon him so strongly to make it a good story that it is next to impossible for him to avoid modifying its more commonplace features. And he adds a little here and he prunes a little there. Point before precision, it may be feared, sometimes even the historian's motto. There are veracious narratives we feel bound to accept on the word of our friends. We should not have been them; as it is, we store them in our memories as splendid illustrations of the often quoted saying of the poet that truth is stranger than fiction.—All the Year Round.

Mr. Haly, of the Colombo museum, has discovered that carbonized oil is one of the best preservatives of the colors of fish and other animal specimens.

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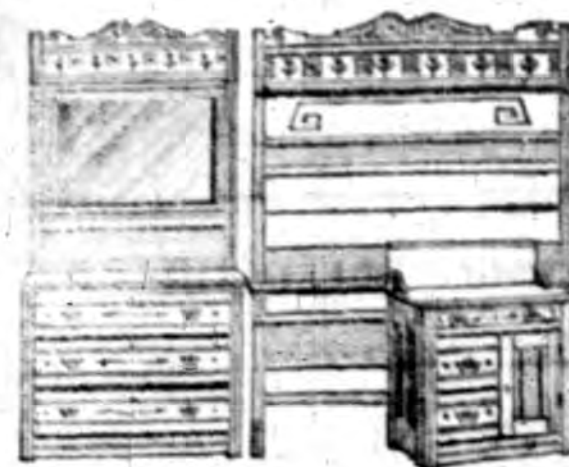
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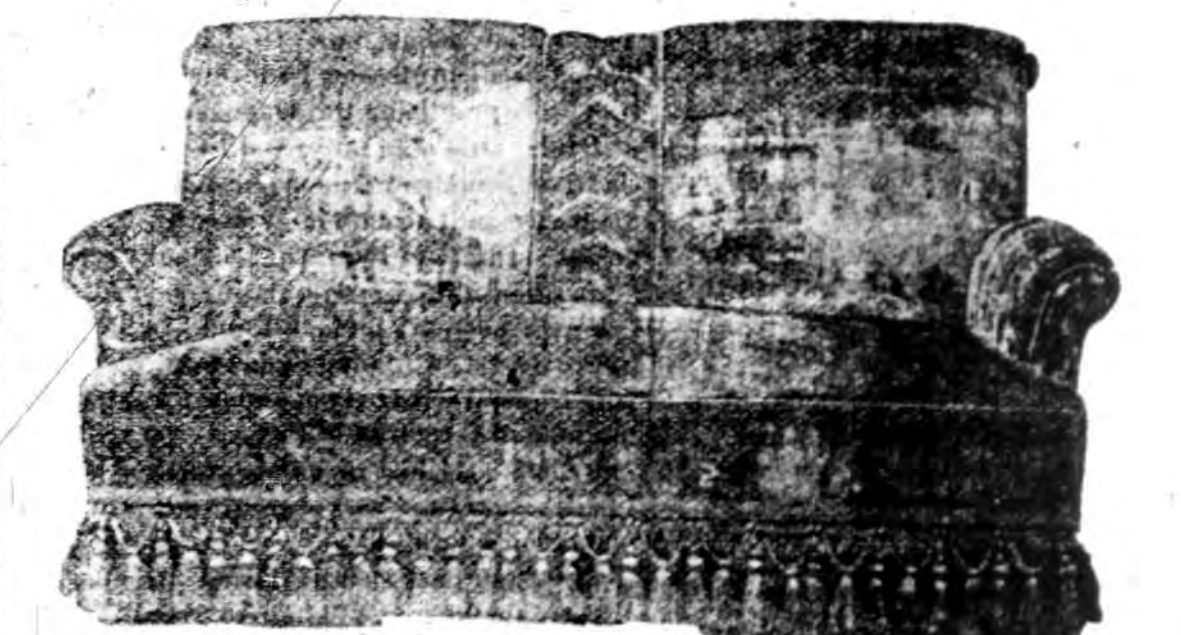
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